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My Last Line Spoken



32 0 2

Chapter 1 by Bailey Hever**A series of Poems, not a single long one**

Those who seek thy gentle comfort,
Those who seek thy love,
I wish upon those, whose dust were once bones,
That they will know thee, my dove.

The caress of thy lips on my skin,
The gentle way thee touch,
I wish thee my own, You and I alone,
Thine love for I must be much.

But waste not thine grace on me,
Look around at thine fate,
Thine passion of love, hath flown above
To the angels beyond the gate.

Those beyond earthly grave

Those whom Death's grasp
They wish for thine grace
To escape from Hell's clutch

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Thou art mine to have at last,
After forgiving them,
Those souls from beyond, before the sun hath dawned,
Who wish for my gem.

And so with final breath I speak,
To thee, my lovely rose,
I'll love thee forever, becoming jealous never,
For those you'll love, my eternal foes.

As I pass from one to another,
I look back on thee,
The short period of time; of sadness, song, and rhyme,
In which your heart beat for me.

My Juliette, I your Romeo,
Will wait from behind these chains,
I will wither and wear, Till your spirit come near,
To take away all of my pains.

I love thee, I love thee,
I repeat day after day,
My last line spoken, a gift, a token,
The last thing for you, the last I say.

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